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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



Vol. 48.

JANUARY, 1876.

No. 1.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

OCEAN PIONEERS.

"THESE THINGS DID THESE MIGHTY MEN."

BY REV. CHARLES J. JONES.

"Sailors visit every shore, mingle with people of every clime and race and color. They might well act as pioneers of the Gospel everywhere. * * * What a testimony for Christ our ships might bear over the world, if officers and crews were men of God!"

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

Poetry has ever sung, and history recorded the exploits and the virtues of heroic men. Even the Word of God is full of biographies, the Holy Spirit preferring to present truth and purity, zeal and obedience, by living examples rather than by abstract rules of duty. Faith is illustrated in the life of Abraham, meekness in that of Moses, patience in Job, and purity and self denial in the history of Joseph. Daniel and his companions are patterns of devotion to principle under adverse circumstances. Paul is a model of indomitable energy and unflagging zeal in the spread of the Gospel, and John the Evangelist, of Christian love. The great Teacher him-

self conveyed instruction by similar means. He taught Christian charity by the example of the good Samaritan, and importunity in prayer, by the story of the oppressed widow and the unjust judge. Wise men have followed in this beaten track, and derived instruction from useful, and warning from wasted lives.

Let it be ours to imitate the wise and good in this direction, and illustrate the power of Divine truth and the fulfilment of prophecy, by the examples of men, whose influence upon their own and upon subsequent times, may be accepted as the first fruits of that abundant harvest which is yet to be gathered for Christ, by the men of the sea.

In order to measure fully the influence of but one man, it is necessary to take in, at a glance, all his relations and dependencies both for time and eternity. If this immense grasp of intellect, this limit-

less extent of conception be necessary for the full estimate of the influence of one man, who shall estimate the practical effect of an entire class, whose destiny it is to compass the globe, and whose energies are world-wide in their application? But, if we cannot fathom the depth of this vast ocean, let us not refuse to launch forth upon its surface. Sailors have long been enveloped in the darkness of a moral night, during which the Sun of Righteousness has obscured his beams. Yet have we many bright stars by which to direct our course,—morning stars, which have heralded the coming day. Among these,

JOHN NEWTON,

the sailor preacher, shines with no ordinary brightness. He was the son of a sailor. At the early age of seven years he was called upon to mourn the loss of a pious mother, whose heart was daily poured forth in prayer for her darling boy. At eleven he went to sea, and entered upon a career of sin and folly, which, more than once, came near proving fatal both to body and soul. At nineteen, he sailed for the coast of Guinea: there he left his vessel, and for two years suffered from sickness, hunger, neglect and cruelty, being, for a time, a servant of slaves. But affliction did not soften his heart. On his return voyage to England he was a bold blasphemer and an avowed infidel. So wicked was he, that at one time the crew, wicked as they were themselves, considered him a Jonah, and determined to throw him over-board to appease the storm. He survived however, reached home in safety, and, while on a subsequent voyage, was awakened to a sense of his lost condition as a sinner. A series of self-righteous and vain efforts to find peace, was followed by his

fleeing for a refuge to Christ, and resting, by faith, in his atonement. In 1750 he married, rose to the position of master, and sailed to the African coast for slaves. Having made three voyages in that capacity, he was stricken down with sickness, which resulted in his leaving the sea for ever, and entering upon a course of study for the ministry. In 1764 he was ordained, and became curate of Olney, whence, after near sixteen years of a faithful ministry, he removed to London, and became Rector of the church of Saint Mary, Woolnoth, which he retained until his death in 1807, a period of twenty-eight years.

Among the many trophies of grace which God gave to him—as seals to his ministry, may be mentioned, the poet Cowper, Thomas Scott, the author of the Commentary on the Bible, which bears his name, and Claudius Buchanan, the devoted missionary to the East. Mr. Buchanan labored many years, and against great opposition, to give the Word of God to the people in many of the dialects of India. On his return from the foreign field, he wrote a sermon, entitled “The Star in the East,” the effect of which, when delivered from the pulpit, and when issued from the press, was great and salutary. That sermon found its way to this side of the Atlantic. A young man in the theological Seminary at Andover read it, and was fired with zeal for the salvation of the heathen. That young man was Adoniram Judson. He induced others to read it, and to feel with him for the spiritual wants of the destitute. As the result, he and his companions Samuel Nott, Samuel J. Mills, Samuel Newell, James Richards and Luther Rice, gave themselves to go to the benighted

of heathen lands. Their self-sacrifice was owned of God, and thousands of Christians, in Burmah, today, rejoice in the hope of the glory of God; while from every hill top and valley in their land, the Karen villages are shouting aloud the praise of Redemption, and lifting up their hands in thanksgiving to God. Nay, more, "it has been frequently said that the world is indebted to these young men, at Andover, for the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions."

Thus may the influence of Adoniram Judson, and of each of his self-denying companions and their wives in that far off land of spiritual darkness, the faithfulness and missionary zeal of Buchanan, the sweet influences of the poems and hymns of Cowper, and the lucid, instructive, and practical Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures by Scott, all be traced to the sanctified energy and Christian faithfulness of a converted sailor, a pious devoted man of the sea.

Near the close of the life of John Newton, that noble fisher of men, God raised up another son of Neptune whom he designed sending as a standard bearer of the cross, "far hence to the Gentiles" that they might have proclaimed to them the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

JOHN WILSON,

the son of a sailor, a captain in the Newcastle coal trade, went to sea at an early age, and rose in his profession, till he shipped as mate in an East-Indiaman. He left her in Bengal, and entered the "country service" as master. By his intrepidity, while in that capacity, he succeeded, by bringing seasonable supplies, in rescuing the entire British army from famine and saving the whole Carnatic to English rule. Being taken pris-

oner afterwards by the French, he experienced twenty-two months of refined cruelty in chains. After his release he remained in the country a season, for the purpose of trading, and, in a little while amassed a fortune, with which, having returned to England, he purchased a cottage at Horndean, Hants. Up to this time he had "no hope" and was "without God in the world." His character and practice was that of an unbeliever. God, however, needed a man for a particular purpose, and, by divine grace, made captain John Wilson "willing in the day of his power".

Having brought him to a saving knowledge of Christ, the Lord called him to labor. And he, like Saul of Tarsus, cried out, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?"

About the time of his conversion, a band of faithful men and women, in London, became deeply interested in the evangelization of the inhabitants of those beautiful isles of the Southern Ocean, and, while Captain Wilson was waiting a response to his important question, these Christian philanthropists were making the no less important inquiry, "Whom shall we send? and who will go for us?" Captain Wilson solved this difficulty, at once, by saying "Here am I, send me." "With great modesty and diffidence," says his biographer, "but with a decided purpose, he intimated, that, if the Society could not find a better conductor—which he wished and hoped they might—the service should not be impeded for the lack of nautical skill, and that he was ready, without other reward than the satisfaction resulting from the service, to devote himself to the work, with whatever inconvenience to himself it might be attended." There, indeed, spoke out the true sailor, the true Christian sailor. And they

did send him. He took command of the good ship *Duff*, gave himself, and more than two thousand five hundred dollars, to the Mission, and "embarked once more on the deep, not to increase his substance, but to seek souls redeemed by the blood of the Lamb."

On the 10th day of May 1796, before a single Seamen's Friend Society had been organized, before any special effort had been made toward the evangelizing of the men of the sea—the *Duff*, having on board thirty-six missionaries for the South seas, manned by twenty-two officers and men, most of whom made profession of living under the influence of Christian principles, hoisted the missionary flag, (bearing three white doves on a blue ground,) to the breeze, run her topsails to the mast-head, and stood out to sea on her mission of love. The missionaries were left at the different islands to which they had been assigned, and were blessed in their work.

Twenty-two years of privation, and hardship, and patient waiting brought the looked for success. At the end of that period, king Pomare built the largest church edifice in the world, at Tahiti, and called it the Royal Mission Chapel. It was seven hundred and twelve feet long, and fifty-four feet wide. It had three pulpits, and accommodated an audience of six thousand persons at its dedication. In 1825 Tyerman wrote "in twenty-one islands not an idolater remains." Twelve thousand, at that time, could read intelligibly, three thousand children were under instruction, twenty-eight houses of worship were in existence, and eleven organized churches, with two thousand communicants and eight thousand persons who had been baptized. The Sabbath was scrupulously observed, and prayer meetings

were common. Here then are results to which we can triumphantly point, when we hear the oft-repeated expression — "*He is only a sailor.*"

It has been very pertinently asked by the biographer of captain Wilson: "Who would have looked for a commander of a Christian Mission, in an impious and infidel sailor, chained in a prison at Ser- ingapatam? Who would have expected to have found the man who returning from India, contradicting and blaspheming the faithful Missionary, within five years afterwards, on the quarter deck, in the midst of prayer, and praise carrying the everlasting Gospel to the isles of the Pacific Ocean?"

THE HALDANES.

One other illustration of the eminent usefulness of the sailor when his soul is once enlisted in the cause of Christ, is all that will now be attempted.

Almost at the same time that the Spirit of God was awakening and calling captain Wilson into his vineyard, he was also moving on the hearts of two other sailors, brothers, who afterwards were to become conspicuous for the faithfulness of their sanctified lives. These were Robert and James Haldane. Robert was an officer in the Royal Navy—James a captain in the East India service. They were both instructed in the things of God, by a pious mother, who preceded them many years into the house not made with hands. Her death occurred when her youngest son, James, was but six years old. But the impress of her piety was stamped on their memories. Both of them were converted in early man-hood. James became a preacher of righteousness, at the age of twenty-six, and in the market places and streets, and on the hill-

sides of Scotland, the young sailor preached Jesus Christ and him crucified, and that too, at a time when religious Scotland, the land of Knox and the Covenanters, had relapsed into a cold and formal condition, that unfitted them for the reception of the simple truth, as it is in Christ. Thousands however, among "the common people," heard the earnest sailor "gladly," and many were brought to distrust themselves and rely solely on the blood and righteousness of Christ, for pardon and peace.

Robert, the elder brother, sold his estates at Airthrey, for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, intending to establish, with the proceeds, a Mission in Bengal at his own charges, and to enter personally upon the work. But the East India government, at that time refused to admit him and his companions into the territories under their control. He then devoted all his wealth to the education of young men for the Ministry, hundreds of whom became preachers of the blessed Gospel.

He visited Geneva and Montauban, at a time when the Reformed doctrines taught by Calvin, that illustrious expositor of Divine truth, had fallen into contempt, and although, an ignorance of the French language, and the coldness of the professors, were difficulties in his way, yet, as he had never learned to say "I cant," he tried to bring the "true Evangel" home to the hearts of the students of Theology whom he found there. To this end, he formed a Bible class among them in the seminary, and, like another Aquila, "expounded unto them the Word of God more perfectly." His earnestness and faithfulness were blessed of God, and followed by a revival of pure and undefiled religion, in which Merle d'Aubigné, the

historian of the Reformation, Gausen, theological professor at Geneva, the eminently successful and evangelical preacher Adolphe Monod of Paris, Messrs. Malan, Galland, Pytt, Empitiez, and many others, who have been the master spirits of the Evangelical Church of France, during the present century, were converted to Christ. He also purchased the Edinburg Circus and converted it, and similar places of amusement in the larger towns of Scotland, into tabernacles or independent places of worship. James, whose resources were comparatively slender, threw his whole soul into an energetic scheme of itinerant lay preaching, which extended over the whole face of Scotland, and to its farthest and least frequented islands. "Captain Haldane used to preach upon the side of Calton Hill, and elsewhere, in his blue coat and bright buttons, with his hair powdered and tied behind; his field sermons being announced by the town-drummer, and delivered sometimes in the teeth of magisterial authority, and even of military force."

Of these two faithful and pious seamen, an English writer says: "He who had measured the depth and intensity of that granite resistance which the Scottish Church opposed to the introduction of the truth, was at no loss for instruments fitted to overcome it. Like those iron headed steamers, which are now employed in Polar navigation, to plough their way through field, and floe, and pack-ice, these two gallant, stately and formidable vessels, with their prows sheathed in heaven proof armor, and the fire of the Spirit in their bosoms, ploughed their way through the ice of indifference in which the Church had been so long bound." The immediate proximate result of the labors of these two devoted

brothers, was, that Scotland was moved to her very centre—as she has since been moved through Moody and Sankey—by the lever of Evangelical truth in the hands of these earnest men.

Who shall compute the sheaves which in the great harvest-day will be gathered from the seed sown by these faithful, zealous and self-denying men of the sea?

GOD POURING OUT HIS VIALS.

We re-print from the *Christian Observer* the following lines (written by one of our constant readers), which have uncommon poetic excellence. We rarely meet with anything more graphic and inspiring, or more closely akin to the Divine Word. ED. MAG.

The day of His coming who shall abide
The day of His righteous ire,
When the silver and gold, the stubble
and hay,
Are tried by the judgment fire!

He calls for the sword—and the war-fiend
comes,
With his blood-dyed banner unfurled,
And the fearful strife, and the battle-cry,
Have startled a peaceful world.

He lights his torch—and far and wide,
Whole forests are feeding the flame,
And the sweep of its wild, resistless
force,
No human power can tame!

He speaks—and the foul, malarious breeze,
Loads night with its feverish breath,
And the homes of the city, and hospital
wards,
Are rank with the odors of death!

He calls for the famine—and locust bands
Fly swift on their gauzy wings,
And the fields are cut—ere the harvest is
ripe,
By these insignificant things!

He utters His voice—and the wild winds
rise
And come at His stern behest,
And along the line of the cyclone's flight,
There is anguish in every breast.

He lifts His hand—and the old earth reels,
At the touch of its Maker's rod,

And the cities so proud of their beauty
and strength,
Are crushed by the fiat of God!

He telegraphs now to the water-floods—
They come in their swelling pride,
And the palace of princes, the temples of
trade,
Are whelmed by the cruel tide.

'Tis now, as it was in the olden time,
When the Prophet preached unto men,
And the scoffer's jeer, and the mocker's
taunt,
Rings out as defiant as then!

Men signal the path of the coming storm,
By the weight of the atmosphere—
They can tell by the "*signs*" of the
evening sun,
If the morrow be cloudy or clear.

But they will not heed—though the
watchman's cry
Is "telling us of the night"—
That the deepening gloom but heralds
the day,
With its fast approaching light.

The rays of that bright and beautiful
dawn,
Over every clime shall increase,
Till mountains and valleys are bathed in
the sheen
Of that reign of Sabbatical Peace!

Paducah, Ky.

E. J. A.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LATE W. D. HARRIS, FOR MANY YEARS
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK PORT SOCIETY,
HELD IN THE MARINER'S CHURCH, NEW YORK,
SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1875.

GEORGE W. LANE, Esq., President of the Society, made the following introductory remarks:

We meet this evening in response to the call of the Directors of the Port Society, to commemorate the services of our late friend and associate WM. D. HARRIS, in whose death the Directors feel they have lost a most valued helper, to whom they looked as one always ready to take the laboring oar, and one who worked most cheerily for the Master. Words fail me to express the loss which this church has sustained by this death. He was quick to respond to every appeal for help, and to aid in every good work for the benefit of seamen, constant at their meetings for prayer. As Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, he was so kind and gentle as to endear himself to all.

As I look back upon his life, it appears to me, that it was truly his daily meat and drink to do the will of his Heavenly Father, and to walk in the footsteps of his Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, doing good as he had opportunity. But the Pastor who has been intimately acquainted with him for nearly twelve years, and who has had his support and coöperation day by day, in this blessed work among seamen, will address you more at length.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS,

BY REV. E. D. MURPHY.

At the request of the Committee appointed to arrange these services, I am to speak of the life and character of the great and good man, whose name has already been announced by our President. I use the terms great and good, in their higher signification.

A man is great in the true sense, inasmuch as he has been enabled by the grace of God to excel his peers in turning men to righteousness, in blessing and comforting the unfortunate, and in extending the Redeemer's kingdom. But few business men in this city, I apprehend, have been enabled to accomplish more in this direction, than our late friend, whose decease we mourn, and whose memory will ever be fragrant to hundreds and thousands, in the more lowly walks of life. Oftentimes we get a clue

to a man's life whether it be a blessing or a curse to his fellow man, by tracing back his ancestry. It is a pleasure in the present instance to do this.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON HARRIS, the eldest of a family of eight, six sons and two daughters, was born in Carlisle, Pa., Nov. 26th, 1800. His father Col. David Harris, served in the war of 1812, commanding the breast works at the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry. As a soldier, a gentleman and a Christian his character was above reproach. He was the only son of William Harris, Esq., of York, Pa., a ruling elder of the Presbyterian church, a man of fine talents and author of several educational works. He loaned large sums of money to the government during the Revolution and was ac-

tive in promoting it. The mother of Mr. Harris was the daughter of Hon. John Montgomery, of Carlisle, Pa., to whose influence and activity Dickinson College owes its existence. He was also the principal founder of the 1st Pres. Church of Carlisle, of which he was a ruling elder. He was prominent in the revolution, being in Congress several years, was a personal friend of Washington, had two sons in the army, one of whom died of wounds received in battle.

He came by right then, to those qualities of heart and mind, which distinguished him as a man of great decision of character, unyielding devotion to truth, and a remarkable reverence and love for the word of God.

When quite a youth, our late friend made several voyages as supercargo to various ports of the West Indies. Afterwards as part owner of a merchant vessel, he visited many ports of France, Spain, Portugal and other ports of the old world. During these voyages he studied the Spanish and Portuguese languages, and perfected himself in French. All of these languages aided him greatly in the work of labor and love, in which he afterwards engaged so heartily. His early voyages as supercargo, turned his mind towards the sea, and the needs of seafaring men, and laid the foundation of his after life work of devoted, indefatigable and successful labors among this long neglected, yet interesting class.

His early business life was spent in Pittsburg, Pa., where he made for himself a name and position, as a business man of ability and integrity, second to none other in the city. His genial nature, his fine culture, and rare social qualities, made him a universal favorite in these higher and more cultivated

circles in which he moved, and no social gathering was considered complete without the presence of Mr. Harris. Had he remained in Pittsburg, he had every prospect of amassing a fortune, but Divine Providence had a work for him to do, of infinitely more importance than the accumulation of silver and gold.

His change from Pittsburg to this great mart of commerce in 1832, where thousands of seamen from all nationalities are constantly coming and going, opened the best of fields for the operation to which he inclined, and for which he was so eminently fitted. With his intelligence and thorough devotion to the cause of his Redeemer he would have done good anywhere. But the Divine Wisdom is manifest in placing him in these circumstances, so favorable to his tastes and acquirements. Every sailor brought to Christ through his instrumentality, became a witness for Christ to the remotest bounds washed by the great oceans, and every word written and published by him found ready colporteurs to bear the blessed message to the ends of the earth.

He always attributed his conversion, primarily, to the atmosphere of piety in his home, especially to the instructions, example and prayers of an almost idolized mother.

During these many years before his conversion, when a man of the world, especially when following the sea, did he receive letters from his mother, so full of tender appeals, and so earnest in heartfelt anxiety for his conversion, that they never failed to make an impression, and although personal consecration to Christ was long deferred, yet he never lost faith in the precious doctrines and truths of the Gospel, early taught him by

his fond mother, and never fretted at her anxious solicitude for his salvation.

At the commencement of the year 1840, under the faithful ministrations of the late Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring of this city, he was led to yield his heart to Christ, and on the 9th of April of the same year, he united with the Brick Church.

Immediately upon his conversion and uniting with the church commenced that career, which has distinguished him as a man of God, a friend of the poor, and a worker in his Master's vineyard.

The New York Port Society, which had then been in existence in this city for over twenty years, opened a field for Christian work, into which he gladly entered. His love for seamen, early acquired, by personal observation of their hardships, their exposure and neglect, called forth the best powers of his cultivated intellect, his warm heart and incessant efforts for their temporal elevation and eternal good. And nothing rejoiced his heart so much, as to witness these noble men of the sea coming to Christ, and consecrating themselves to his service. It will be no reflection upon any of the large number of Christian gentlemen, who for now nearly sixty years, have had the work of this Society under their care and direction—the most of whom have already passed away—to say, that none ever devoted more time, and effort, and earnest Christian devotion to the varied departments of this great work, than our late friend. Being freed from many of the domestic responsibilities he devoted the most of his time away from his business, to the interests of this work. He gave an amount of time and labor here, that few would be willing to give without an earthly equivalent, and

yet his was always a labor of love. The only reward he wished for he has already entered upon. Being for many years, as you have already been informed, Corresponding Secretary of the Board, he was compelled to have all the varied interests of the Institution under his eye, and bring them before the Board for their action. Being also appointed by the Board, a Committee on the church, and for many years upon one of our Missions, he had under his personal supervision all the minor details of this great work, which were oftentimes exceedingly perplexing and trying, yet he bore it all willingly and patiently, as work cheerfully rendered to the Master.

He was a man of rare attainments in general knowledge, but where he excelled was in the knowledge of the Word of God. He made this blessed book his daily study through his whole Christian life, and the happy faculty he had in imparting instruction, made him one of the most interesting and instructive Bible teachers I have ever known. During his whole connection with this Society, until the last Sabbath morning when he was smitten with the fatal disease that terminated his useful life, was he engaged in this work first among seamen, in the old Roosevelt street church, and latterly in a succession of classes of young ladies, in connection with this church.

A few years ago he prepared and delivered a course of lectures on the book of Genesis, in the lecture room of this church, for the benefit of the teachers and older members of the Sabbath School, which, for research and learning, would have done credit to any pastor of the city. He was emphatically a man of prayer, and had the most abiding faith in the promises of God in

answer to prayer, in this great work to which he devoted his life. Oftentimes have we heard him remark, 'the success of this Society, and the prosperity of this church, are the result of earnest, efficacious prayer.' For many years he had charge of the weekly church prayer meeting. He always had certain objects, which he would present for the prayers of the meeting. The standard ones were the "Port Society," "the Church" and the "Sabbath School," and then if any in the church or congregation, were sick, or bereaved, or in trouble of any kind, he would mention them by name, and request special prayer in their behalf.

He was a man of deep spirituality of mind, and might be said to be literally watching for souls. No person was ever in his presence long, without having the subject of religion naturally and easily presented. He was a great believer in the circulation of the printed page, as an instrument for good. Hence he always carried about with him a variety of selected tracts and little books, adapted to the various states and conditions of persons with whom he met. He rarely visited a family without leaving a tract, adapted to each member, from the youngest child up to the heads of the household.

His sympathy with the afflicted was always deep and comforting, and when any family was bereaved, it was his unfailing habit to send them an appropriate book, and not unfrequently he accompanied it with a consoling and comforting letter. No man was ever more devoted to his church, than was our late friend to this church of his choice. His place here was almost never vacant. In summer and winter, and at times when most persons would have felt themselves excused from indisposition, yet his place in the

sanctuary was always filled, and he never failed, when appropriate, to have words of cheer and encouragement for his pastors. His rule was, obstacles that will not keep me from my business during the week, shall not keep me from the house of God on the Lord's day. As an officer of the church, he accepted the duties which it brings with cheerfulness, and discharged them with a fidelity that made him a power in the congregation. He was not content simply to hold the office, and discharge the duties that came up in connection with the regular business of the church, but he felt he had a spiritual work to perform, and equally with the pastor, to visit the families of the congregation for religious purposes.

But few pastors, I apprehend, in the city, have performed more pastoral work, and did it more effectually than our late friend. Day after day has he been known to leave his office at three in the afternoon, and spend the remainder of the day—and oftentimes until late into the evening—in visiting from house to house, always conversing with these families on their spiritual state and commending them in prayer to God. This made him exceedingly popular in the church, all loved him as a friend, and venerated him as an eminent servant of God. Any man with such a spirit, and with such intense devotion to the service of God, cannot fail to be successful in winning souls to God. Eternity alone will reveal the number of souls won to Christ through these personal efforts. He was exceedingly interesting in the sick room. Gentle, tender and sympathizing, he never failed to leave a blessing behind him. No wonder that he was always a welcome visitor in these houses of affliction.

But as he was highly honored

and much beloved by the families of the congregation, so he was equally honored and loved by the thousands of seamen with whom he came in contact here.

He was always at home with these men. The hearty shake of the hand and his cordial words of welcome, gave him ready access to their hearts, and it is not amiss to say, that he has been enable to lead scores of young sailors to the Saviour of sinners. He knew by experience the powerful temptations and the fearful perils to which they are exposed while in port, the snares that are laid to entrap and ruin them at every turn, by the vicious and wicked of the worst classes.

In order to guard them against these temptations, and to give the word of warning to thousands whom he could not reach with the living voice, he prepared and had printed three tracts, all bearing upon this point, which have had a wide and extensive circulation.

The first was a "nautical temperance dialogue," entitled "Tom Starboard and Jack Halyard," who are represented as formerly fast and true friends, and after a separation of four years they meet again in this port. The one had turned from the path of sin and folly, and became a servant of God, and the design of the dialogue was to show the benefits of a sober, temperate Christian life, as compared with the reckless, careless, wicked life his old friend was leading. It is written with great point and force, and has had an extensive circulation.

One hundred and ninety thousand copies have been issued from the press of the New York Tract Society, and it is now being read in nearly every maritime port in the world. It has been translated into other languages, and thus its circulation

has been vastly increased. Not until God comes to make up his jewels, will it be known how many seamen have been saved through the influence of this tract. Subsequently he wrote and published another tract, entitled "Letter to Seamen on first coming ashore."

This is a kind and tender appeal to seamen, to avoid the temptations and dangers to which they are exposed in a great and wicked city like our own. A few of the more prominent perils which lie in his pathway, he specially named—the "grogshop, the gambling houses, the theaters and the dance-houses." This tract has also had an extensive circulation. Another still is entitled the "Contrast," giving an account of two death bed scenes, which came under his own observation, one the death of a saint in all the triumphs of faith, the other a man conscious he was lost, and crying out, to the very last, "I cannot pray, I am lost." The man who leaves behind him a book, a sermon, or a tract, which God uses for the conversion of men, is still laying up treasures in heaven, and although dead he is yet preaching. The last two or three years of his life, in addition to his abundant labors, he assumed the willing task of superintending the Sabbath School, and here his last and most enthusiastic labors were expended. No man ever felt more deeply the responsibility of this exalted position, or labored more earnestly and zealously for the salvation of his scholars. In addition to the care of the school, he continued to teach his class of young ladies, not willing to intrust the care of their souls to another. He was in the habit of taking the older scholars especially his own class, one by one, and pressing upon them the claims of the Savior. During the past year, his fidelity and faithful-

ness here was graciously rewarded. Over twenty were brought to a knowledge of the truth and united with the church on confession of faith. We all remember the last Sabbath morning he was with us.

It was the last Sabbath in February, a bitter cold and boisterous day. For several days before, he had been in feeble health, and I little expected he would be present, and hastened to the church, earlier than usual, to take his place, and to my surprise found him at the head of his class. I expressed my surprise, and said "My dear friend, you ought not to expose yourself. We cannot afford to part with you yet." "Oh!" said he, "God will raise up some one to take my place. I felt it my duty to come." He was unable to remain for the church services and left at the close of the school.

As he passed out he paused at the door for a moment, and looked back upon the school, as though he had an impression that his work here was done. He passed down to the Primary Department and took his leave of them. These dear children he loved as tenderly as though they were his own, and they looked upon him with the affection and love of a Father. He was never more happy than when surrounded by these children. He could say but few words to them, and with hat and staff in hand, he bade them good bye in these following words, which were the last he ever uttered to his school, "Remember," said he. "Thou God seeest me. Good bye, children. God bless you, meet me in heaven." The same afternoon he was prostrated upon his bed, with a violent attack of pneumonia, from which he never fully recovered. At first his physicians thought he could live but a few days. His sufferings were intense. At the end of two

weeks he rallied a little, and there was some hope that he would recover. I shall never forget an interview I then had with him. Entering his room I took his hand, and with tears in his eyes he said,—placing his hand upon his heart,—“There is rebellion here. The old man is not clean gone yet.” I expressed my surprise, and asked the cause of his trouble. He said, “I thought I was going home, I have lived out my three score years and ten, and more, and I thought my Heavenly Father was going to let me enter upon my eternal rest. I have been drawing comparisons. My brother-in-law was taken with the same disease, and in three days he passed away, and why should I be detained?” Never in my experience, before, have I known a person regret recovery from sickness.

“Perhaps, your blessed Lord has more work for you, yet, in his service.” “It may be so; if so, I suppose I ought to be willing.”

Another remark on this occasion should be listened to and heeded by every unconverted person in this house. Said he, “My sufferings have been so great for the last two weeks, that I have not been able to offer an intelligent prayer. Oh! what would have been my condition, had I not made my peace with God, when in health! Tell the dear people that a sick bed is a poor place to prepare for death.”

As soon as he was able, he was removed to Baltimore, where it was hoped that a change of climate and the kind attentions of loving sisters might facilitate his recovery. Yet his end was drawing near. He lingered on almost helpless, bearing his sufferings patiently and trusting in his Savior sweetly, until on the morning of July the 28th he quietly passed away.

Thus a good man has lived out

his days. Nobly did he perform the work committed to his care, and he has received the blessed welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Should his life ever be faithfully written, his name will occupy a place with such men as Harlan Page, Lemuel Brewster and other business men of our city, whose memory is still fragrant to many now living.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the Board of Directors of the N. Y. Port Society, in regard to the death of Mr. Harris:

Whereas God in his Providence has removed to his heavenly home, one whose life work upon earth was the advancement of Christ's Kingdom, through the instrumentality of this Society, therefore,

Resolved: That by the death of William D. Harris, Corresponding Secretary,

this Board is conscious of being deprived of the services of one whose devotion to its interests (covering a period of twenty-nine years) has never been equalled.

Resolved: That while we mourn his loss as an earnest worker, wise counsellor and faithful friend, we have cause for gratitude to God for permitting him for so long a period to go in and out before us, and in so remarkable a degree to illustrate the power of saving grace.

Resolved: That the bright Christian example of our late associate, as shown in his consistent life, his ardent piety, his love for souls, his constant endeavor to win sinners to Christ, his open ear to suffering's cry and ready hand to relieve the distressed, is well worthy of our imitation, and *should be* an incentive for us to follow in his steps.

Resolved: That as a mark of respect and affection for the deceased, this Board will attend the Memorial Service, to be held in the Mariner's Church, on Sabbath evening, November 7th, at 7½ o'clock.

Resolved: That these resolutions be entered on the Minutes, and a copy forwarded to the family of the deceased.

HOW A CHRISTIAN CAN DIE.

Several months ago it was announced that Commodore Goodenough, of the British navy, died of wounds inflicted with poisoned arrows by the natives of the Santa Cruz group of the Indian Archipelago. He had landed with a portion of his crew, and met, so far as could be ascertained, with a favorable reception from the savage inhabitants. Just as he was about to go on board his boat, a hostile demonstration was made, and the Commodore was fatally wounded by some of the arrows which were directed against him and his men. Death was inevitable. The cause of his murder is unknown. Probably the Santa Cruz islanders had suffered previously and repeatedly from the raids of the traders who are engaged in what is known as the Pacific labor traffic, and they had taken advantage of the visit of Commodore Goodenough to obtain

revenge. Never was revenge worse directed. The victim of the treacherous assault had distinguished himself in endeavoring to stop the iniquitous trade; and his anxiety to benefit the natives of the Pacific was displayed upon every occasion. The fatally wounded man was brought aboard his ship.

Finding that death was near, Commodore Goodenough summoned all the officers of his ship to his room "to bid them good-bye." There was no fear shown by him. He spoke calmly of the approaching change; and he advised all of his officers to seek for happiness in doing what is right, and to rest all of their hopes in the infinite love and wisdom of God. These last words evidently sunk into the hearts of all those who listened to him. Every one of them knew that the life of the dying man had been one of Christian consistency

—that the only fear of Commodore Goodenough was the fear of doing evil.

He then requested to be carried out on the quarter-deck to meet all hands for the last time. On the faces of the hardy sailors there were signs of fear as they looked at the man, whom they respected and loved, evidently about to enter eternity. Turning round to the crew he said in a bright, kindly tone: "Don't look frightened; smile," and he requested that they all should sit down so that he might see their faces. They did as they were asked; but the only fearless eyes in that assemblage of brave men were those of the man who was about to encounter the last enemy.

"My men," said the dying Christian, "I have come out on the quarter-deck to say good-bye to you, because I am going to die," and as he spoke to the officers so he spoke to all his men of the love and goodness of God for them—of "His infinite wisdom," as the thoughts which they should carry with them at all times to guard them against the commission of sin and to enable them to flee from temptation. He knew the peculiar snares which beset the path of sailors, and he knew also from experience how a humble, trustful confidence in God had borne him up in sore trials, had carried him nobly through severe duty, and at last made him more than a conqueror in death. "I have always loved you, my men," he continued; "there is a foolish weakness in my voice which makes it sound as if I was crying; but I am not crying, and I want you all to hear me." He then went on to address the new commander and all the other leaders, urging them to be manly and truthful—never to hesitate to

say that a moral act was wrong when it was wrong, or to say that a thing was right when it was right.

He spoke kindly of his murderers: "As for the poor fellows who gave me this wound, what their reason or object was I don't know—no one knows. They may have been injured by some of us; by some other ship at some time—we don't know. I hope at some future time, it may be twenty or thirty years hence, some good Christian man will go among them, and find out all about it." There was no thought of retaliation or revenge. He would extend to his murderers the mercy he expected for himself.

Lastly, he asked the forgiveness of any he had wronged. "I have made mistakes, and if any of you think of anything where I have done wrong, I want you to forgive me. Don't ask how much you were wrong or how much I was wrong, but just forgive me;" and amid the huskily-uttered prayers of "God bless him," Commodore Goodenough passed from their presence and fell asleep, adding another noble name to the list of those glorious men who had shed the benignant influence of an upright Christian example in a profession where such examples are unfortunately too rare. The echoes of the clear-voiced psalm of a well-spent life, in constant communion with Jesus, which suddenly ceased in the glorious death of Commodore Goodenough, will cheer and uphold many a sailor in his struggles against evil and in the path of duty, and will doubtless be blessed to lead many to the source whence comes the righteous living which terminates in a triumphant death.
—*N. Y. Daily Witness*,

THE HEROIC DEED OF SERGEANT WOON, OF THE ROYAL MARINES.

At this hour, as all the world knows, a band of Britons—the pick of our naval officers and seamen—are battling, high up in the Arctic zone, amid eternal frost and perpetual night, with the forces of nature in their most dread and awful forms. Who can conceive what it is to be imprisoned by mountains of ice in a region upon which the sun for months not even dawns; where there are often no less than eighty degrees of cold—a temperature so low, that the very ships in which our brave seamen are housed seem to suffer from it, and bolts, trenails, and fastenings are heard to crack and groan under the grip of the frost and the intense contraction? One would imagine that existence is impossible under such circumstances—that the vital powers must succumb—that the very brain itself would be frozen, and the current of the blood stayed. Yet experience, often repeated, has proved that the human frame, duly protected, when animated by robust health, calm courage, and a cheerful and hopeful spirit, can safely pass through such an ordeal; and after months of confinement in damp and darkness in a worse than underground dungeon, come forth triumphant from what, without knowledge to the contrary, would be deemed an inexorable kingdom of death. Not only can men who are artificially protected live in this land of long unbroken night and terrific cold: various animals—such as the raven, ptarmigan, reindeer, musk-ox, and wolf—it is now known remain there all the winter through. How they manage to find subsistence is a mystery; but that in large numbers they do contrive to live, and do not migrate south, is an ascertained fact, al-

though it stands opposed to long-entertained ideas on the subject. Let us therefore cherish a confidence that our brave and noble fellows, now wintering near the Pole in Her Majesty's good ships the *Discovery* and *Alert* are, through the blessing of God, in the enjoyment of a fair condition of life and health, and that in due time, having by steady endurance and intelligent observation greatly enlarged the bounds of human knowledge, they will come forth victors, from the central domain of King Frost, and be soon after received by us at home with the glad acclamation of "Well done, Britons; your countrymen are proud of you, and give you a right hearty welcome again to the warm skies and verdure-clad hills of merry England."

We have characterised the crew of these Arctic exploration ships as brave and noble, and that as a rule the men who engage in these hazardous enterprises deserve to be so called, we think will appear from the following narrative of the deed of a non-commissioned officer of marines, Sergeant Woon by name, who went out in 1850 in the *Investigator*, under Captain R. M'Clure, who was commissioned to discover a north-west passage; entering Behring Straits—and whose marvellous success, for which he was knighted, has become history.

In 1852 the vessel was laid up in the Prince of Wales Strait in the Bay of Mercy—so called by the pious commander, in recognition of a gracious interposition of Divine Providence. As fresh meat was most desirable both for officers and crew, and as reindeer were to be found at the coldest season in great numbers not far from the ships, all who had any skill as

sportsmen were encouraged to use their best endeavors to supply the larder. Amongst the rest a black man serving in the ship—a fine specimen of his race, large and broad-chested—set off on the 4th January, gun in hand, to track the deer. He wounded an animal, and followed it a long distance, guided by its footprints and the droppings of its blood on the snow. Eager in the chase, he pressed on, unmindful of any landmark, and at last found he had lost his way, just as a rather dense fog was coming on. His alarm may be imagined—alone and far from help in a region of desolation and mist, utterly strange to him. The temperature was intensely cold, and he was very tired; a sense of his great danger deprived him of self-possession, and he wandered here and there amid the spectral hills clothed in white, on the verge of despair, and in dreadful perplexity.

In this seeming crisis of his fate, however—his doom to perish in the Arctic snows almost sealed—through the good providence of God, Sergeant Woon, who had also been out shooting, stumbled upon him; but the wretched man was so beside himself with excitement and horror, that no effort of the sergeant to calm his fears and arouse him to exertion could succeed—he seemed as one paralysed. Fits came on and his strength was prostrated. After a little, he was persuaded to walk for a short distance, his anxious companion using alternate remonstrance and entreaty; but at two o'clock P.M., when the uncertain twilight which constitutes day at the winter season in those regions was fast deepening in darkness, the unfortunate man's powers completely failed: he stopped—sank to the ground—bled at the mouth and nostrils, and writhed in convulsions.

What was Sergeant Woon to do? As he stated afterwards, he never felt in such a difficulty. The man was past all self-help, and to leave him were he was would be his certain destruction—the famished wolves, whose howls were heard in the distance, would devour him, even before freezing to death could relieve him from his misery. After a few moments of anxious thought, the gallant marine came to the conclusion that the only expedient—and it was a very doubtful one—was to drag him to the ship. It was a task, however, of no easy accomplishment—the sergeant, in the presence of the wolves, did not part with his gun; and the man was large and heavy—the most stalwart of his company in the ship. Sergeant Woon, however, had a humane heart and a resolute soul, and he manfully set about his herculean task—truly “a labor of love.” His comrade's gun and his own he slung over his shoulder, then took the man's arms round his own neck, and with a will began to drag the half-lifeless form towards the *Investigator*. On he went over the snow, now up and now down, staggering under his burden; the toil was exhausting, but though panting and weary he would not abandon his friend. The only relief he had was, that when he dragged his awkward load up the slope of a hill and stood upon its incline, or when he reached the edge of a ravine, he laid the body down and rolled it to the bottom—rather severe treatement for an invalid; but the sergeant had no choice—and the treatment served a useful end, for it helped to rouse the man somewhat from his lethargy. Thus he labored for ten hours, amid darkness, cold, and snow—and such hours—and by eleven o'clock at night, completely worn out, got within a mile of the

ship, whose position he could tell from the rockets that every now and then were thrown up by direction of the captain of the *Investigator*, to act as guides to the missing men. Unable to take his load further, Sergeant Woon cried to his comrade, "Come, messmate, rouse ye; don't give in; take heart, dear fellow, and make a struggle for life; see, we're not far from port;" and he pointed to the blue and purple stars of fire that were bursting in the distance. But no, his companion had got beyond all love for life, resented his efforts to rouse him, or prayed to be only left alone to die in quietness. As nothing else could be done, Sergeant Woon, after a few painful moments of self-debate, did leave him—but not to perish; he set off with all the speed he could make to hasten assistance from the vessel.

Aid was already on the way: three several parties had been sent out to seek the stragglers. The sergeant met two of them, and conducted them in haste to where he had left his dying comrade. They arrived barely in time to save him. He was found with his arms upraised and rigid, his eyes fixed and open, and his mouth so firmly frozen that it required no small measure of force to open it, that restoratives might be administered. Gradually and distressfully consciousness returned; his life was rescued, but hands, feet, and face were sorely frost-bitten.

We believe that very few instances of greater self-devotion, persevering courage, true friendship, and painful toil for the safety of another, have been known in the world's history. The act of Sergeant Woon was self-denying, generous, and noble. He is an honor to his country and the ser-

vice to which he belonged. His was no deed that required merely a momentary exposure to peril, such as a rush under fire to save the wounded, nor was it one to which his feelings of compassion were aroused by passionate appeals for rescue, as in the case of a drowning man; but one that demanded continued exposure, and cool and enduring "pluck"—and in which there was either sluggish indifference in the imperiled man, or rebuff of any interference; long hours of delay in a life-quenching atmosphere had to be borne, and toilsome service, for the time unthankfully received. The black man, however, was Sergeant Woon's brother man and messmate. He valued his own life, and would do much to preserve it; he would therefore do his very best to snatch from the jaws of a terrible death, the life of another.

There is surely a lesson in his deed for those who seek the salvation of the best and highest life of their fellows—who endeavor to save their souls from the cold and darkness of everlasting death. Jesus Christ, who Himself came "to save the lost," calls us to the rescue. Whether men will "hear or forbear"—treat us with indifference or rebuke—let us, forgetting self, labor to bring them to the Savior, remembering that "he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—*British Workman*.

Reaping.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—Whittier.

The Force of Prayer.

Prayer does not directly take away a trial or its pain, any more than a sense of duty directly takes away the danger of infection, but it preserves the strength of the whole spiritual fibre, so that the trial does not pass into temptation to sin. A sorrow comes upon you. Omit prayer, and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim Him as your Father, though He seems cruel—and the degrading, paralyzing, embittering effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall, but works in you the peaceable fruit of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and from endurance into battle, and from battle to victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life. The force of prayer is not altogether effective at once. Its action is cumulative. At first, there seems no answer to your exceeding bitter cry. But there has been an answer; God has heard. A little grain of strength, not enough to be conscious of, has been given in one way or another. A friend has come in and grasped your hand—you have heard the lark sprinkle his notes like rain drops on the earth—a text has stolen into your mind, you know not how. Next morning you wake with the old aching at the heart, but the grain of strength has kept you alive—and so it goes on; hour by hour, day by day, prayer brings its sparks of light, till they orb into a star, its grains of strength till they grow into an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. The an-

swer to prayer is slow; the force of prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has brought, understood.—*Stopford Brooke.*

Sin Cannot be Covered.

There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hidden that shall not be made manifest. If any one is tempted to think that because his sin is concealed he will never be disgraced and punished, let him beware how he yields to temptation. Sin is not blotted from the book of God's remembrance because bidden from the eye of mortals. It is not concealed from that all-seeing Eye which penetrates the darkest cloud, and to which the night shineth as the day. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Sin concealed is like a bullet-wound healed over slightly; it will break out sooner or later, and become more painful than ever. Let your sins be confessed to God and the pardon of them be sought through "the blood of the Lamb; and if you have wronged a fellow man, make confession to him, and make restitution to the extent of your power. Riches that come not by right are corrupted, and gold or silver or "greenbacks" procured by theft or fraud, will "eat your flesh as it were fire." You had better put a flaming torch to your dwelling, or attempt to carry coals of fire in your bosom, than not to make restitution.—*Rev. J. T. Hawes.*

An English Invention.

"Priming," or the carrying of water in the steam from the boiler into the cylinder, often causes trouble and damage to the engine.

To prevent this, and obtain a dry steam, a dome is fixed to the top of the boiler from which the steam is taken. A recent English invention aids this by fixing an upright pipe next the dome, having suitable connections with it and the bottom of the boiler. In this pipe is secure a circular winged deflector, or propeller-shaped helix. The steam in passing this is given a whirling motion, and the water it holds is thrown out by the centrifugal force, and falls back into the pipe that leads to the bottom of the boiler. A stop-valve prevents its return, and the apparatus is said to be a practical success.—*"The World's Work;" Scribner for July.*

Population of the World.

A paper was read before the Manchester (Eng.) Statistical Society a short time ago, calling attention to the researches of the German statisticians, Behm and Wagner, with respect to the population of the world. Of the many estimates of the number of inhabitants of our globe, none are accounted trust-worthy. In 1685, Vorsius estimated that they were 5,000,000,000. Behm and Wagner set down the number at the present time at 1,391,000,000. The subjects of Victoria are rated at 300,000,000. Russia has a population of 82,000,000. India, supposed to be the most populous country of the globe, has probably 300,000,000 inhabitants. China is said to have 400,000,000 inhabitants, but the estimate is undoubtedly grossly exaggerated. The population of South America has been checked by internal discord. In Paraguay there is said to have been an actual loss of 337,000. An estimate based upon the growth of Great Britain and the United States, gives to the

former country, in the year 2,000, a population of 91,000,000, and to the latter of 146,000,000.

Tonnage of the World.

The whole tonnage of the world consists of 56,727 sailing vessels, measuring 14,563,839 tons, and 4,333 steamers, measuring 3,680,670 tons. Great Britain stands first with 19,182 sailing vessels of 5,366,327 tons, and 2,538 steamers, of 2,382,145 tons. The United States comes next, following a long way off with 7,092 ships, of 2,272,120 tons, and 420 steamers, of 401,043 tons. Norway, strange to say, comes next in the list of sailing vessels, and Italy follows in the fourth place. Germany comes next, and France.

Our Naval Force.

The following tables, taken from the *N. Y. Times* of Nov. 23d, were prepared from the *Navy Register* of latest date, and revised by one of our naval constructors. They give the number of ships of all classes that are now actually ready for immediate service if required, together with their tonnage and total armament. Appended, also, are tables showing the vessels now on the stocks undergoing repairs or being fitted out, with a close estimate of the time within which they could be put in fighting trim.

IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

Name.	Rate.	Tonnage.	Guns.
Ajax.....	Fourth.....	550	2
Amphitrite.....	Third.....	874	4
Canonicus.....	Fourth.....	550	2
Comanche.....	Fourth.....	496	2
Catskill.....	Fourth.....	496	2
Dictator.....	Second.....	1,750	2
Jason.....	Fourth.....	496	2
Lehigh.....	Fourth.....	496	2
Mahopac.....	Fourth.....	550	2
Manhattan.....	Fourth.....	550	2
Miantonomoh.....	Third.....	1,225	4
Monadnock.....	Third.....	1,091	4
Montauk.....	Fourth.....	496	2
Nahant.....	Fourth.....	496	2
Nantucket.....	Fourth.....	496	2
Nebraska.....	Second.....	2,125	4
Oregon.....	Second.....	2,127	4
Passaic.....	Fourth.....	496	2

Roanoke.....	Second.....	2,260	6
Saugus.....	Fourth.....	550	2
Shawnee.....	Fourth.....	483	2
Terror.....	Third.....	1,085	4
Wassuc.....	Fourth.....	483	1
Wyandotte.....	Fourth.....	550	2
Total.....		20,771	63

This total of twenty-four iron-clads carries, as a fleet, the heaviest guns afloat, and all the vessels are of the turreted Monitor pattern, several of them being in addition armed with ram prows. All of them could be put into active service just as soon as they could be furnished with stores and crews, which would probably be a period of two weeks :

WOODEN VESSELS.

Name.	Rate.	Tonnage.	Guns.
Colorado.....	First.....	3,032	46
Franklin.....	First.....	3,173	39
Minnesota.....	First.....	3,000	46
Wabash.....	First.....	3,000	45
Florida.....	Second.....	2,135	12
Tennessee.....	Second.....	2,135	23
Lancaster.....	Second.....	2,120	22
Brooklyn.....	Second.....	2,000	20
Pensacola.....	Second.....	2,000	22
Hartford.....	Second.....	2,000	18
Richmond.....	Second.....	2,000	14
Powhatan.....	Second.....	2,182	17
Alaska.....	Second.....	1,122	12
Benicia.....	Second.....	1,122	12
Omaha.....	Second.....	1,122	12
Plymouth.....	Second.....	1,122	12
Lackawanna.....	Second.....	1,026	10
Caandaigua.....	Second.....	955	10
Monongahela.....	Second.....	960	11
Shenandoah.....	Second.....	929	11
Juniata.....	Second.....	828	8
Ossipee.....	Second.....	828	8
Swatara.....	Second.....	910	8
Iroquois.....	Second.....	695	6
Kearsage.....	Second.....	695	6
Huron.....	Second.....	650	6
Alert.....	Second.....	450	4
Alliance*.....	Second.....	450	4
Ranger*.....	Second.....	450	4
Wachusett.....	Second.....	695	6
Tuscarora.....	Second.....	726	6
Wyoming.....	Second.....	726	6
Narragansett.....	Second.....	556	5
Kansas.....	Second.....	410	3
Nipisc.....	Second.....	410	3
Saco.....	Second.....	410	3
Nyack.....	Second.....	410	3
Shawmut.....	Second.....	410	3
Yantic.....	Second.....	410	3
Total.....		46,254	509

This gives a total of thirty-nine wooden vessels of all classes worth taking into account, which are in condition for active service, and require only to be fitted out with stores and crews. The first twenty of these vessels are not inferior to

any other wooden vessels afloat, of their tonnage and metal, and as a rule possess an advantage over others by the superior calibre of their guns. This gives as a total of vessels, iron and wood, now ready for emergency, the following :

	No. of Vessels.	Guns.
Iron-clad.....	24	63
Wooden.....	39	509
Total.....	63	572

VESSELS ON THE STOCKS.

There are in addition the following, which could be prepared for sea within a given time, and all of which are new vessels :

Name.	Rate.	Tonnage.	Guns.
Java.....	Second.....	2,490	21
New-York.....	Second.....	2,490	21
Pennsylvania.....	Second.....	2,490	21
Trenton.....	Second.....	2,300	11
Quinnebaug.....	Third.....	910	8
Galena.....	Third.....	910	8
Vandalia.....	Third.....	910	8
Marion.....	Third.....	910	8
Adams.....	Third.....	650	6
Enterprise.....	Third.....	650	6
Essex.....	Third.....	650	6
Total.....		15,360	124

These eleven vessels are nearly all on the stocks. The *Java*, *New York* and *Pennsylvania* can be finished in six months. The *Trenton* has now a force of some 300 men at work on her in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and can be completed within three months. The *Quinnebaug* also can be completed in three months; the *Galena* in six months; the *Vandalia* and *Marion* in two months; the *Adams*, *Enterprise* and *Essex* in one month. The *Trenton* will, in any event, be launched about Christmas day, and is to be fitted with a ram prow.

THE entire alphabet is found in these four lines. You can pick them out if you choose :

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high."

Thanksgiving for Temporal Blessings and for Victory over Temptation.

Oh! most adorable Lord and Blessed Savior, who hast given me health of body and a sound mind, food and raiment and such other good and excellent gifts as are needful for my comfort and well being, in this short and uncertain pilgrimage through which I am now passing, I trust, towards a greater and a more enduring inheritance with Thee and Thy Holy Angels and blessed spirits, in the far off land of the happy and the pure,—receive my deep and heartfelt thanks for all these, as well as for all other blessings which Thine ineffable benevolence hath conferred upon Thy most unworthy and degenerate child. I acknowledge my own vileness and Thy great goodness, and more especially for Thy deliverance sent to me to-day, snatching me as a brand from the burning, and placing me among Thy pure and Holy children reserved for the beatitude of Thy Blessed family in Heaven.—*Amen.*

M.

Consolidation.

A late number of the *Western Beacon* published at Chicago, and kindly sent to us by some unknown friend, announces the grateful fact, that the two Bethel Institutions of that city have been united, and are now one interest. This is as it should be. The work of both in future is to be carried on by the Western Seamen's Friend Society. Both of the existing Homes and Churches will be kept in operation, but under the supervision of one Board of Officers. Rev. J. H. Leonard will be continued as Seamen's Chaplain; Rev. B. Frankland will be the General Superintendent of the whole work, and Rev. P. Kitwood, better known as Capt. Kitwood, the Assistant Superintendent. Such consolidation of the Bethel work will not lessen the labor, or the responsibility of any one. It is expected that every patron of the cause will be pleased with the measure, take new courage and evince an increased interest in that most important and worthy object.

COSTON'S DISTINGUISHING NIGHT SIGNALS.

DISTRESS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Red—White—Red.
TO CALL PILOT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	White—Red—White.
U. S. LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	White—Green—White.
U. S. REVENUE MARINE SERVICE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Red—White—Green.
N. Y. HERALD STEAM YACHT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Red—Green—Red.
N. Y. COAST WRECKING CO.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	White—Green.
N. Y. YACHT CLUB	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Green—Red—Green.
BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Red—White—Green—Red.
EASTERN YACHT CLUB	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	White—Red—Green—White.
WM. P. CLYDE & Co.,	{ N. Y. and Havana—N. Y. and Charleston—N. Y. & Galveston—N. Y. & Savannah—N. Y. & S. Domingo,							Red.
BLACK STAR	-	N. Y. and Savannah	-	-	-	-	-	2 White in succession.
WM. R. GARRISON	-	N. Y. & Brazil, and N. Y. & Savannah	-	-	-	-	-	White—Red.
OLD DOMINION S. S. Co.	-	N. Y. & Norfolk, N. Y. & Lewes, Del.	-	-	-	-	-	Red—White.
QUINTARD & Co.	-	N. Y. and Charleston	-	-	-	-	-	Red—Green.
PHILADELPHIA and SOUTHERN	{ Philadelphia and Savannah							Green—Red.
MAIL S. S. Co.	{							
MORGAN'S	-	New York and New Orleans	-	-	-	-	-	White—Red—Green.
PACIFIC MAIL S. S. Co.	-	N. Y., California, China & Japan	-	-	-	-	-	Green—Red—White.
F. ALEXANDRE & SONS,	{ N. Y., Havana and Mexico							Green—White—Red.
Mexican Mail.	{							
CROMWELL LINE,	-	New York and New Orleans,	-	-	-	-	-	White—Green—Red—White.
MURRAY, FERRIS & Co.	{ N. Y., Savannah & Nassau, N. P. }							Red—White—Red—White—Red.

ANNO DOMINI

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX.

THE ANNUAL APPROPRIATIONS for the general work of the SOCIETY, based upon reports and applications, and on the probable income, estimated from the comparative receipts of the preceding six months, have been made for the coming year.

The Executive and Finance Committee having this matter in charge, presented at the last meeting of the Trustees, a careful report (which was unanimously adopted) recommending the re-appointment of our Home and Foreign Chaplains and Missionaries, with but very few changes, and the prosecution of our Library and other work, with undiminished liberality and earnestness.

We enter upon the work before us with unusual encouragement. It is true, as we have occasion to know, that the "times are hard" and that collections even for the best of causes are difficult, but at no previous period have there been more marked indications of the Divine approval of what we are doing for "our brethren of the sea." We heartily wish we could transfer our readers who are in sympathy with what we are doing to evangelize and convert sailors, into any one of the many prayer meetings held in that interest, and let them see and hear for themselves what God is doing, in saving seamen. This is our encouragement, and our trust for the future is in Him who hath promised, "Ask of ME, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." We shall endeavor to do our part in celebrating the CENTENNIAL, by renewed exertions for the good especially of AMERICAN SEAMEN.

OUR WORK:

HOME CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. P. G. Cook, writing Dec. 5th, 1875, reported navigation closed for the season, at that time. Chapel services and other meetings had been well attended in November. Several sailors had recently been aided. One young Swede, from Cleaveland, who had been robbed by his captain, of both clothing and wages, had especially interested the Chaplain. So, also, a Scotch seaman, in the General Hospital, just passing away in consumption, had been so comforted, and triumphant, in hearing portions of the 7th, 21st and 22d Chapters of Revelation, that the Chaplain declares he almost felt like congratulating him on being so nearly through his earthly pilgrimage.

Norfolk, Va.

Bethel attendance, and Sunday School work were alike encouraging in November. One hundred and twenty-five vessels were also visited, and preparations are being made for celebrating the semi-centennial anniversary of the local Seamen's Friend Society, which occurs in February next.

Wilmington, N. C.

Rev. Mr. KEEN, Chaplain at this port, visited 52 vessels, 25 American, 20 Foreign and 7 steamers in November, and supplied them with reading matter.

Charleston, S. C.

The report of Chaplain YATES, dated Dec. 13th, 1875, says that the Bethel congregations, this winter, have been very good, and that attendance on the evening meetings is much increased. He attributes this, very largely, as for the past three winters—to the preaching at the Bethel by the different ministers of the city. And indeed, he says that a delightful spirit of union has been developed among the city churches, themselves, by the labors of the pastors at the Bethel. Foreign seamen are very much delighted with these union meetings. Mr. NELSO, converted at the Bethel, thirty years ago, is yet a valued Christian laborer, habitually bringing seamen to the Bethel.

Pensacola, Fla.

During November, Chaplain CARTER preached every Sunday afternoon on board some of the vessels in port, where services were very interesting. A goodly number of sailors were also present at the religious services in Rev. Mr. CARTER's church. The Sailors' Reading Room becomes more and more attractive to them.

New Orleans, La.

Chaplain PEASE conducted the first and re-dedicatory services in the newly purchased Bethel, in the evening of Thanksgiving Day. It was not quite completed, but everything is reported as hopeful in connection with his work. "We shall have plenty of visitors at our new place," he says, "when we have become ready to receive them, and before, and I believe that God has a blessing in store for us."

Galveston, Tex.

The calls for food and clothing for the destitute in city and country, made such by the terrible and disastrous storms

which visited this region last fall, have so increased the demands made upon the charitable in this city, that our Chaplain, Rev. H. B. BURR, reports great difficulty in securing support for labor among the seamen of the port, through the local auxiliary. He however faithfully pursues his work, attempting to obtain from the charitable who are upon the ground, the needed funds to hire a room suitable for a Bethel and Reading Room. In the early part of November, there were thirty-two vessels in port, six of them foreign steamers, and thirty more coasting schooners—so that over five hundred seamen called for his ministrations. The death of thirty-one seamen, and twenty passengers, by the burning of the *City of Waco*, steamer, while lying in the outer bay, at night, had produced a profound impression both among sailors and land people. A Galveston Pilot was lost on the vessel.

The Chaplain writes, at a later date, that Galveston will ship a larger amount of cotton this season, than ever before. During the month closing Dec. 18th, he had visited 76 vessels. Chaplain BURR closes his letter by saying that never since his connection with the work for sailors, have tracts and testaments been more eagerly sought for, and apparently more appreciated, than now.

New York.

SPIRITUAL WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA and Mr. A. WOLLESON, our Missionaries at the SAILORS' HOME, in this city, sum up the work of God among sailors, at that place, for the year just closed, over date of Dec. 14th, 1875, as follows:

"The year has been abundant in fruit, *the best we have had in the great work.* The last four months, especially, have been marked by unusual interest. A number of men have gone to sea hopefully converted, and are now missionaries for Christ on the great deep. We would like to repeat again, what we have often

reported, that when seamen are truly converted, they are generally zealous in their new calling, as they were before conversion in their wickedness. The meetings at the Sailors' Home are well attended, as also those at the Sailors' Exchange, and are both of decided interest, especially the latter, where some conversions have taken place, and many letters are received from various parts of the world, testifying of the good received while in New York, both temporal and spiritual, with desires to be remembered at the throne of grace.

"The Seamen's Hospitals have lately been a very fruitful field, presenting very interesting cases."

We feel sure that the following letters will interest our readers. They are from sailors who had a short time, previous to writing them, left the Sailors' Home, and were addressed to our Missionary, Mr. BORELLA:

SCHR. ANNA SHEPARD,
Port Richmond, Pa., Nov. 29th, 1875.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD:

I suppose you have seen in the papers that we had a collision with a steamer, the same day we left New York. It was a trying night, but the blessed Lord was with us, and took care of us. Oh, how sweet it is to know that the Lord is with us! How safe we feel, and how little we care for death though it looks us in the face! When the steamer struck us, my first thought was of our Savior, and that in His hands I left my soul. My next thought was of the boat. This we lowered into the water, but seeing that the schooner did not sink, I went forward, and the captain asked me to go on board the steamer and ask for assistance, which I did.

The steamer had struck us about the nighthead, carried away all the headgear, breaking bowsprit and jibboom, paals and windlass beats, staving in the whole bow and the top gallant forecastle, and starting the deck, so that the water ran down in the hold as soon as it came on deck, and she was very deep laden. As soon as the steamer got a line to us, we set about to secure the wreck of the bowsprit and jibboom, which were hanging in the stays alongside; but as soon as the steamer went ahead, we found that the water was coming in so fast that we could not keep the vessel afloat. At midnight we had four feet of water in the hold, and it was decided that we should lighten the vessel. We

asked the captain of the steamer to send some of his men to help us, which he did, and we commenced to throw cargo out of the forward hatch to lighten her bow. But finding the leak still gaining, and the wind and sea increasing, we were obliged to get the vessel before the sea, and at about 2 o'clock A. M., on the 25th, bore away for Philadelphia. Having thrown overboard about 15 tons of guano, we found that we were gaining on the leak, and so we stopped. By this time we were all pretty well exhausted, but we managed to keep the water down until 8 o'clock in the evening, when the steamer anchored in Delaware river.

I had been thirty-six hours on deck without any rest, except when I went down to get a little to eat; but although the body was nearly worn out, I was happy in the Lord. Oh, how I thanked Him when I knelt down before Him, for His great mercy, and how I prayed that He would make me more and more faithful to Him! I feel how much I need the love of our blessed Savior,—how very little I have done for Him, every day, and how much He is doing for me a poor miserable sinner. Dear brother, pray for me often, that God will give me strength to resist all temptation and make me more faithful to Him. Remember me to Mr. Wolleson, and Mr. Alexander and all the rest of our friends, and ask them all to pray for me.

May God bless you all.

Your brother in the Lord,
P. H. B.

P. S. Please write me a few lines as soon as you can. Enclosed find a note from the steward.

The steward's note is as follows:

Nov. 30th.

DEAR BROTHERS IN CHRIST:

I will write a few lines with brother B. to let you know that I am still looking up to our Lord. He is all we have to look to. I have found that He is a great Comforter in a time of trouble, although I have been unworthy of such great blessings, for I have been such a great sinner. But, thank God! I feel that the Lord Jesus has been with me. Dear brothers, I hope you all pray that He may always be with me, for I need more strength. Pray that I may see the light—that my path in this world may be straight, and that I may not walk in sin any longer. I know that the Lord is with them that will obey Him, and with God's help I will always look up to Jesus. Good bye and may God bless you all.

From your brother in the Lord,
O. B.

A most tender and grateful note has been received from the "poor consumptive" sailor referred to on p. 377 of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for last month. He had arrived at Key West, Fla., was benefited in health by his voyage, and speaks with a good deal of enthusiasm of his accommodations at the Hospital, and his new expectations of recovering his health. "Thank God!" he writes, "for his goodness in bringing me safely to my journey's end. I do not know how to thank you for being the means through God, of saving my life; but some day or other when I am in my health, you will hear from me again, and I hope not unthankfully. I remain

Your Great Debtor,

W. J. M."

Cemetery Ground for Seamen at Norfolk, Va.

The Seamen's Friend Society at Norfolk, Va., have made arrangements to secure a square of adequate size in one of the city cemeteries, for the burial of seamen. While the Naval Hospital at this station has an ample cemetery for the interment of seamen of the Navy, there has been, heretofore, no special provision for that of seamen of the merchant service who die in this port and have no relatives, within reach, to remove, or care for their remains; but graves have been obtained for them here and there in the cemeteries or elsewhere, according to circumstances. This move of the Norfolk Society is in the right direction and strongly commends itself to public favor. The means are in hand—to purchase the ground; but aid will be needed to provide for its enclosure with a suitable curb, and the erection, in the centre, of a neat and simple monument indicating by an appropriate inscription the dedication of the ground to its sacred purpose in this the semi-centennial year of the Society, and the centennial of the country.

Are there not men of means, not only in Norfolk, but also in New York and other cities having close business relations with Norfolk—men interested in commerce and the welfare of seamen who are willing to lend a hand in this good work?

Any contributions for this object may be sent to, and will be duly acknowledged, both directly to each individual donor, and in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, and the Norfolk City papers, by

REV. E. N. CRANE,
Seamen's Chaplain, Norfolk, Va.

The Support of Marine Hospitals.

To Editor Sailors' Magazine:

A reader of the *MAGAZINE* would like to be informed of the way in which Marine Hospitals are supported.

NORTH AMHERST, MASS. S.

By United States Law, every seaman employed in its Merchant Marine Service is taxed forty cents per month, while in service, for the support of the Hospitals, which sum is gathered by the U. S. Collectors in the various ports of the country, from the captains, who collect it from the seamen upon their vessels.

The funds so raised, go into the U. S. Treasury Department, under the name of the "Marine Hospital Fund," the U. S. Government assuming the care of all sick, shipwrecked and destitute seamen abroad, and of all sick seamen needing hospital care in this country. A sailor requiring such care, must produce to the U. S. Supervising Surgeon, at the port where he claims relief, his last discharge from sea-service, which is given for not over three months, except by special authority from the Treasury Department. To secure the benefits of this fund, application must be made by the sailor, within three months after his leaving his ship.

The U. S. Government has ten or twelve Hospitals of its own, and in seaports where it has none, sick seamen are

"farmed" in State or private Hospitals. Thus they are cared for, abroad,—the shipwrecked are relieved and sent home at the Government's expense. The Marine Hospital Fund never being large enough to do all this work of relief, the balance is made up by an annual appropriation for the purpose, by Congress.

ED. MAG.

Samuel Plimsoll, M. P.

At the last meeting of the Trustees, the following resolutions were adopted, a deserved recognition of noble and philanthropic service in the interest of seamen.

Resolved. That representing a National Society, specially concerned in the welfare of seamen, and interested in whatever movement is in any wise related to that end, the thanks of this Board are due to the Hon. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL for his untiring efforts in the British Parliament to secure legislation calculated to protect seamen from manifest and grievous wrongs.

Resolved. That the congratulation of the Board be tendered to Mr. PLIMSOLL upon the recent signal success of his patient and philanthropic labors in the matter referred to; and the assurance that the friends of seamen in America, not only rejoice with him, but will co-operate to secure similar protective legislation, and thus assist to extend its humane provision throughout the commercial countries of the world.

Resolved. That the Hon. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL M. P. be elected and enrolled a Life Member of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and that a certificate to that effect, properly attested, be transmitted to Mr. PLIMSOLL, together with a copy of the action of the Board.

Sailors' Magazine for 1876.

LIFE-MEMBERS and DIRECTORS have only to signify their desire to receive it, when it will be mailed to them as heretofore. Their address sent to us on a

postal card, which costs but a penny, is all that is necessary to that end.

Under the new postage law, all postage is to be PREPAID, but we make no addition to our subscription price on that account. It would aid the good cause in very many ways, if every reader of the MAGAZINE would get us one new subscriber, and send us the money,—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. We print an edition of sixty-five hundred copies. It might easily be increased to ten thousand.

Our city readers will hereafter be served with the MAGAZINE (unwrapped and flat) through Hussey's Despatch, thus securing the utmost promptness in delivery.

We have placed upon the last page of the cover, in this present issue, a few recent utterances concerning our MAGAZINE, from clergymen who are all competent to speak of it, by force of faithful reading. We thank them for their testimony, and hope to use it to advantage in the increase of our subscribers—for we share in the conviction expressed by some of these friends, that the wider circulation of this periodical would extend and deepen the interest already felt in evangelizing the men of the sea, and so hasten the triumph of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

MR. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and sixty-seven arrivals at the HOME during the month of September. These deposited with him \$7,500, of which the sum of \$3,530 were sent to relatives, \$300 placed in Savings Banks and the balance returned to depositors. In the same time seventeen men were sent to sea from the HOME without advance and two were sent to the Hospital.

It will be grateful news to those who have for years been praying and working and hoping for the sailors, that the religious interest among seamen in the port of New York, seems unabated. Several of those recently converted at the HOME

where the Wednesday and Saturday evening meetings are delightfully maintained, have made a public profession of their faith. Six united with the Church of the Sea and Land at the last communion service.

Position of the Principal Planets, for January, 1876.

MERCURY is an evening star during this month; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 25th, setting on the evening of this day at 6h. 35m. and $18^{\circ} 41'$ south of west; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 27th, at 9h. 10m., being $3^{\circ} 10'$ north; is at its greatest elongation on the 28th, at 47m. past noon, being then $18^{\circ} 25'$ east of the sun; is in conjunction with Saturn on the same afternoon, at 3h. 59m., being $1^{\circ} 38'$ north.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 6h. 35m. and $27^{\circ} 28'$ south of west; is in conjunction with Saturn on the morning of the 17th, at 3h. 22m., being $21'$ south; is in conjunction with the moon on the 29th, at 32m. past midnight, being $26'$ north, at which time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 20° north and 72° south latitude.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 10h. 22m. and $6^{\circ} 15'$ south of west; is twice in conjunction with the moon during this month. Once on the afternoon of the 2nd, at 2h. 39m., being $35'$ north, at this time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 13° north and 83° south latitude. Then again on the 31st, at 30m. before noon, being $1^{\circ} 10'$ south, at this time it is again eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of 24° and 90° north latitude.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 3h. 50m. and $23^{\circ} 57'$ south of east; is in conjunction with the moon on the afternoon of the 20th, at 5h. 40m., being $5^{\circ} 22'$ north.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 8h. 7m. and $19^{\circ} 59'$ south of west; is in conjunction with the moon on the evening of the 27th, at 10h. 27m., being $1^{\circ} 41'$ north.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Total Disasters in November, 1875.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 48, of which 27 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 5 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 6 foundered, and 5 are missing. The list comprises 4 steamers, 5 ships, 7 barks, 5 brigs, and 27 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,046,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Pacific, *sc.* from Victoria for San Francisco.
City of Waco, *b.* from New York for Galveston.

W. A. Hennessy, *b.* (At Long Branch, N. J.)
D. R. Martin, *b.* (At Staten Island).

SHIPS.

John Pascal, *b.* from Calcutta for New York.
Liguria, *a.* from Puget Sound for Callao.

Orpheus, *w.* from San Francisco for Puget Sound.

Astrida, *w.* from London for New Orleans.
Itasca, *m.* from Baltimore for San Francisco.

BARKS.

Yumuri, *w.* from New York for Sagua.
Mayflower, *m.* from New York for Barbadoes.

Senator, *b.* from Philadelphia for Panama.
Star King, *w.* from Boston for Cape Coast.

Camilla Cavour, *a.* from Pt. Discovery for Peru.

Edwin, *w.* from Dublin for Baltimore.
Florence, *a.* from Pt. Discovery for San Francisco.

BRIGS.

Machias, *w.* from Philadelphia for Portland.
Antilles, *w.* from Port Johnson for Portland.

Willimantic, *f.* from Humboldt for San Francisco.

Haze, *a.* from St. John, N. B., for Dungarvon.
Saladin, *w.* from Bull River for Bristol.

SCHOONERS.

Mary E. McHale, *w.* from Baltimore for Newport.

Sea Lark, *w.*
Scio, *w.* from Windsor for New York.

Ida Lewis, *w.* from Brazos for New York.
O. F. Young, *w.* from Philadelphia for Portland.

Nettie Chase, *m.* from Navassa.
Geo. S. Hunt, *a.* from Boston for Savannah.

John W. Dodge, *w.* (Fisherman).
Jas. W. Elwell, *w.* (Pilot-boat).

Cora, *w.* from L. Egg Harbor for New York.
Maria Ruxana, *m.* from Bristol, Me., for Weymouth, M.

Jas. Freeman, *f.* from Newburyport for Ipswich.

Geo. W. Richards, *f.* from Maracaibo for New York.

Delphi, *f.* from Perth Amboy for New London.

L. A. Bennett, *f.* from South Amboy for Hartford.

Waterloo, w. from Bangor for Bucksport.
 Robin, w. from Hoboken for New Bedford.
 S. & B. Small, w. from Portsmouth for Machias.
 Treaty, w. from Bluehill.
 Annie E., w. from Hopewell, N. B., for Boston.
 A. F. Baillie, w. from Baltimore for Boston.
 T. O. Lyman, w. from Duchess Ldg for Richmond.
 Sunshine, w. from San Francisco for Good Bay.
 Moses Patten, m. from Navassa for Wilmington, N. C.
 Henry Drew, w. (At Port Jefferson, L. I.)
 Baxter, w. from Haverstraw for Babylon.
 Jane Woodbury, w. from Bangor.

Receipts for November, 1875.

MAINE.

Bath, Rodney Hyde..... \$ 2 10
 Bucksport, Cong. church..... 28 00
 Thomaston, Cong. ch. for lib'y..... 20 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Exeter, N. H. Shaddock's S. S. class, for lib'y..... 10 00
 Hebron, "J. B. C."..... 1 00
 Nashua, 1st Cong. church..... 32 02
 New Ipswich, Children's Fair..... 1 00
 Sanbornton, Cong. church..... 18 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ashby, Cong. church..... 10 00
 Ashland, Cong. church..... 14 54
 Boston, bark *Brothers*, Capt. E. Jenkins..... 5 00
 Temperance Documents..... 17 40
 Brighton, Cong. church \$30 to const. Henry A. Stevens, L. M..... 53 50
 Cambridge, Shepherd Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y, in part..... 10 00
 Cambridgeport, Prospect St. ch., E. A. Hildreth \$20 lib'y..... 69 47
 East Longmeadow, Rev. Mr. Dutton..... 10 00
 East Weymouth, Cong. ch., Lowell's Corner..... 5 00
 Fitchburg, Rollstone church..... 20 60
 Globe Village, Evang'l ch., for lib'y..... 20 00
 Harvard, Cong. ch. S. S., \$20 for lib'y..... 78 25
 Haverhill, Centre Cong. ch. S. S., for library..... 20 00
 Hinsdale, Estate Achiah Parson to const. Peter Parson, L. M..... 30 00
 Holbrook, bequest E. N. E. for lib's.. 40 00
 Holliston, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00
 Marion, Mrs. N. Briggs..... 5 00
 Middleboro, Cong. ch. S. S., \$20 for library..... 71 75
 Newburyport, Ladies' Bethel Soc'y. for library..... 20 00
 North Leominster, Friend..... 1 00
 Palmer, 2nd Cong. ch., Mrs. Fullerton's S. S. class for lib'y..... 20 00
 Peabody, Rockville Cong. ch., of wh. W. Peabody, for lib'y..... 25 00
 Pepperell, Cong. church..... 20 36
 Provincetown, Cong. church..... 2 50
 Shutesbury, Union Meeting..... 6 16
 Spencer, Estate Edward Frouty, by Miss Lucy Prouty, Ex..... 250 00
 Sudbury, Cong. church..... 16 45
 Tewksbury, Cong. church..... 31 10
 Westboro, Cong. church S. S., \$50 for libraries..... 130 00
 West Chesterfield, Richard Clark.... 5 00

CONNECTICUT.

Fair Haven, 1st Cong. ch., of which \$30 to const. Jno. H. Bushnell, L. M..... 31 80
 Hartford, South Cong. church..... 51 00

Asylum Hill Cong. church..... 157 90
 Lebanon, Goshen Cong. church..... 14 51
 Madison, Cong. church..... 7 63
 Mendon, Center Cong. church..... 19 00
 Mount Carmel, Cong. ch., to const. Rev. Geo. S. Mine, L. M..... 30 87
 New London, 1st Cong. church..... 65 83
 North Woodstock, Legacy, Jonas Child, by L. M. Dean, Ex..... 72 62
 Old Saybrook, Cong. church..... 16 50
 Plainfield, Cong. church..... 11 78
 Salisbury, Cong. church..... 24 90
 Trumbull, Cong. church..... 13 75
 West Hartford, Miss S. W. Boswell, for library..... 20 00
 West Woodstock, for Willie O. Fisher lib'y, by Abiel Fisher..... 20 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, W. W. Peil..... 1 00
 1st Ref. Dutch church..... 126 50
 Buffalo, Mrs. G. C. White..... 100 00
 H. H. Hale..... 25 00
 Rev. G. W. Heacock, D.D..... 12 50
 Camillus, M. E. church..... 3 57
 Bap. church..... 8 19
 Cassville, Bap. ch. S. S., lib'y..... 20 00
 Clayville, Pres. church..... 5 00
 Mr. Morton..... 1 00
 Elbridge, Bap. ch. S. S., lib'y..... 20 00
 Hudson, Ref. ch. S. S., lib'y..... 20 00
 Morrisville, Cong. ch., bal. for lib'y..... 6 54
 New York City, Capt. Jacob Robbins, bark *Milo*..... 5 00
 Capt. Wm. Fraser, bark *Kate Melick*..... 10 00
 Capt. Dinamore, schr. *L. M. Knowles*..... 2 00
 Z. S. Ely..... 10 00
 Horace Gray..... 100 00
 Frederick Sturges..... 50 00
 Benedict, Taft & Benedict..... 50 00
 J. F. sheafe..... 50 00
 Trustees, E. Withington..... 25 00
 W. F. Cary..... 25 00
 Mrs. F. P. Schoals..... 20 00
 Jno. E. Parsons..... 20 00
 Elliot C. Cowdin..... 20 00
 Henry Day..... 20 00
 Cash, T. & Co..... 15 00
 E. H. Owen..... 10 00
 Wm. M. Everts..... 10 00
 J. Aitken..... 5 00
 Mrs. Cornelius Smith..... 5 00
 Mrs. Rufus King..... 5 00
 C..... 5 00
 Isaac H. Allen..... 5 00
 C. Trumbull White..... 5 00
 W. W. Niles..... 5 00
 Davis & Benson..... 5 00
 S. W. Stebbins..... 2 00
 Niagara Falls, Epis. ch., friends..... 9 00
 M. E. church..... 3 00
 Albert Porter, lib'y..... 20 00
 Oyster Bay, William Nelson..... 3 00
 Pekin, Miss Abigail Peck..... 2 00
 Pekin & Sanborn Charge..... 11 00
 Perry, Bap. church..... 10 74
 Pres. church..... 7 02
 Elder Stanton..... 0 50
 Port Ewen, Ref. church..... 23 13
 Rondout, Rev. Isaac Clark..... 4 00
 Scottsville, Pres. ch. S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00
 Syracuse, Independent church..... 7 76
 Watkins, William Wright..... 2 15
 A Friend..... 0 50
 Youngstown, S. S. and ch. \$20 lib'y..... 27 50

NEW JERSEY.

Belvidere, 1st Pres. church..... 11 18
 East Orange, 1st Pres. church..... 22 42
 Metuchen, 1st Pres. church..... 10 00

\$2,726 49

5733..	William Libbey, Jr., N. Y. City.....	Ship Colorado.....	Callao, S. A.....	27
5739..	Do. do.	Ship Black Hawk.....	San Francisco.....	22
5740..	Do. do.	Ship David Crockett....	"	25
5741..	Do. do.	Ship Pactolus.....	"	24

The forty-four Libraries re-fitted and re-shipped were :

No. 1,847, on brig *Gipsey*, for Pernambuco; No. 2,107, on schr. *L. & M. Noles*, for Sagua; No. 2,125, on schr. *L. H. Jones*, for Key West; No. 2,240, on schr. *Sarah B.*, for Brunswick; No. 2,935, on schr. *J. K. Lawrence*, for Jacksonville; No. 2,944, read with interest, gone to Brunswick, on schr. *I. C. Nash*; No. 3,275, on schr. *J. L. Merrill*, for Mobile; No. 3,436, on brig *T. Owen*, for Cienfuegos; No. 3,479, on bark *J. Gibson*, for Marseilles; No. 3,524, on schr. *M. M. Heath*, for Rio; No. 3,527, on schr. *Etta May*, for Brunswick; No. 3,555, read and appreciated, gone to Mobile, on schr. *J. Rudd*; No. 3,683, on schr. *W. Todd*, for West Indies; No. 3,799, on schr. *Wapella*, for Savannah; No. 4,114, on schr. *Bagaduce*, for Jamaica; No. 4,161, on schr. *Frank Flint*, for Demerara; No. 4,187, on schr. *J. R. Talbot*, for Jamaica; No. 4,304, on brig *E. Miller*, for Cape of Good Hope; No. 4,336, on schr. *C. Post*, for Port Chester; No. 4,399, on brig *J. H. Kennedy*, for Rio; No. 4,466, read with profit, gone to Maracaibo, on schr. *Sea Bird*; No. 4,576, books read with good results, gone to Rio on schr. *M. Briggs*; No. 4,578, on brig *F. Clark*, for Mexico; No. 4,729, read, with good done to several, gone to Bahia, on schr. *Francis*; No. 4,733, on schr. *A. Bell*, for St. Domingo; No. 4,760, on schr. *J. & L. Bryan*, for Charleston; No. 4,767, on schr. *Cecile*, for Angostura; No. 4,993, on schr. *W. R. Bebee*, for Savannah; No. 5,029, on schr. *T. G. Lancaster*, for Alicante; No. 5,200, on schr. *A. L. Lewis*, coastwise; No. 5,259, on brig *Harry & Aubrey*, for Barbadoes; No. 5,269, read with interest, gone to Matanzas, on brig *L. M. Merritt*; No. 5,352, on schr. *F. Bent*, for Gibraltar;

No. 5,393, on schr. *Santa Rosa*, for St. Johns; No. 5,396, on schr. *Potosi*, for Mexico; No. 329,* returned from schr. *James Alderney*, 8 men coasting, "has been read and re-read," gone to Newfoundland, on schr. *Cornelius Stoker*, Capt. Kiely, 8 men; No. 438, transferred from schr. *Annie Coont* to schr. *F. A. Bailey*, for West Indies; No. 2,425,† returned in good condition and gone to sea on schr. *Riverside*, Capt. Copp, for St. Johns.

Charleston, October 29th, 1875.

To the Am. Seamen's Friend Society, Boston.

"Gentlemen : The Library No. 3,765, placed on board the bark *Brothers*, of Yarmouth, N. S., has been transferred to bark *Addie H. Cann*, for Yarmouth, N. S. The books have been read with great interest by several crews, and I hope will continue to be read. Enclosed is five dollars for the Society, and with many thanks for the donor's kindness, I am

Yours Truly,

EDGAR JENKINS,

Master."

GRATITUDE EXPRESSED.

No. 4,377. "The Library has been on board my vessel eighteen months. The books have been much read, some of them many times. I think they are doing much good to our seafaring men, and I thank God that it entered into the heart of good people to care for the poor sailor. In due time they will have their reward, and I hope the time will soon come when every vessel may have a Library.

WILLIAM JEWELL,

Master schr. Nellie Jewell."

Gone coasting on schr. *N. P. Newell*, 8 men.

* Contributed by S. S. Pres. Church, Rea-ville, N. J.

† Contributed by 1st. Cong. Church, Montclair, N. J.

* Contributed by S. S. Castleton, Vt.

No. 4,440. returned much read, gone to Baltimore on schr. *Ella A. Butler*, 8 men; No. 4,591,* returned, eight books missing, has been much read and very useful, re-fitted and gone to sea on schr. *E. Nickerson*, Capt. Chase; No. 4,631, heard from at Galveston, the books were gladly received and much used on the passage to Liverpool, on ship *Geo. Peabody*; No. 5,247,† returned, four books missing, has been much used and very useful, gone to Buenos Ayres on schr. *Bell Hooker*, Capt. Golkey, 8 men.

* Contributed by Mrs. John Dwight, Medway, Mass.

† Contributed by Miss Wain, Germantown, Pa.

The Seal.

The seal, though chiefly living in the water, and swimming with the help of fins, is not a fish, but belongs to the class of animals. It is easily tamed, and becomes attached to its master.

The length of the seal is about five feet; its color is yellowish grey, clouded or dappled with brown and yellow; the lips are furnished with long stiff whiskers, the external ears are wanting.

To the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, the seal is of the utmost importance. "The seal's flesh," says Crantz, "supplies the natives with their most palatable and substantial food. The fat furnishes them with oil for lamp-light, chamber, and kitchen fire; and whoever sees their habitations, presently finds that if they even had a superfluity of wood it would not be of use; they can use nothing but train-oil in them. They also mollify their dry food, mostly fish, in the oil; and, finally, they barter it for all kinds of necessaries with the factor. They can sew better with fibres of the seal's sinews than with thread or silk. Of the skins of the entrails they make

their windows, curtains for their tents, and shirts; and part of the bladders they use with their harpoons; and they make train-bottles of the maw (stomach). Neither is the blood wasted, but boiled with other ingredients and eaten as soup. Of the skin of the seal they stand in the greatest need, because they must cover over with seal skins both their large and small boats, in which they travel and seek their provision. They must also cut their thongs or straps out of them, and cover their tents with them, without which they could not subsist in summer."

A gentleman in the neighborhood of Burntisland, county of Fife, Scotland, completely succeeded in taming a seal. It appeared to possess all the sagacity of a dog, lived in its master's house, and ate from his hand. In his fishing excursions, this gentleman generally took it with him, when it afforded no small entertainment. If thrown into the water, it would follow for miles the track of the boat; and, though thrust back by the oars, it never gave up its purpose.

It is a common incident in the Zoological Gardens, at some part of the day, when the keeper goes to the seal-pond and whistles, for one of the seals instantly to come to him and crawl up the parapet of the pool so as to get as near to him as possible; the animal then endeavors to manifest its affection for the keeper by offering him a kiss, led thereto, probably, by the fact that the keeper has generally something behind him with which to reward its love.—*Child's Companion*.

Cheerfulness.

In adversity is the time when good nature in you is a virtue; yea, a grace, and a grace so white that

it shall be seen in the highest heaven and noted there. Now is the time for you to show what stuff you are really made of. Now is the time, if you are a gentleman, to prove it. If you love your wife, now is the time to show it; if you have faith in something nobler, higher, sweeter, than this world and its possessions, let that faith be manifest in your conduct everywhere. Don't take a gloomy face and a surly voice, and a sour temper to your household. That household has its own cares and troubles, and clouds enough in its own sky. Tell your wife your difficulties; but in such a brave, gentle, and loving way as, instead of oppressing her spirits, will cause them, rather, to rise buoyantly at the thought that she is fully trusted by you and may be able to help you. "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."—*Golden Rule.*

"It Never Dries Up."

I was staying at a poor village near the seacoast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well. At all hours of the day little feet and great might be seen passing along a narrow lane, with every kind of pitcher, kettle, and can, to the well.

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And if it dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the spring higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the spring higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am, that spring never dries up—never. It is always the same, summer and winter."

I went to see this precious fountain which "never dries up." The

water was clear and sparkling, running down the high hill, with the steady flow and soft murmur of fulness and freedom. It flowed down to the wayside, and was within reach of every child's little pitcher. The thirsty beasts of burden knew the way to the spring that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the water of life and salvation flowing from the "Rock of Ages," and brought within reach of all men by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook will grow dry in the days of drouth and adversity, but *this* heavenly spring never fails.

Rules for Daily Life.

Begin the day with God ;

Kneel down to Him in prayer ;

Lift up thy heart to His abode,

And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God,

And read a portion there,

That it may hallow all thy thoughts,

And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,

Whate'er thy work may be ;

Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,

He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God ;

Thy spirit heavenward raise ;

Acknowledge every good bestowed,

And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God ;

Thy sins to Him confess ;

Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,

And plead His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,

Who gives His servants sleep ;

And when thou tread'st the vale of death,

He will thee guard and keep.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretaries :

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.

Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St..	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Frnd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	—
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.

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BALTIMORE, 65 Thames Street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc.	Edward Kirby.

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BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... }	" E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	Methodist.....	" O. Helland.
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Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts..	Episcopal.....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
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PORTLAND, ME., Fore st. n. Custom H	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. P. Robinson.
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